THE RUTHERFORD STAR.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD.—Davy Crocket.

VOL. I. RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1866. NUMBER 5.

THE
RUTHERFORD STAR.
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RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

POETICAL.

For the Star.

ALONE, ALONE FOR EVER MORE.

DEDICATED TO IRENA.

Alone, alone for ever more,
Thy mind canst not conceive,
Nor if my pangs were known before,
Oh! none would scarce believe.

Alone, alone for ever more,
My thoughts are all my own,
My heart is sick, and sad, and sore,
My hope of life is gone.

Alone, alone for ever more,
No joy that I can see,
Remains for this poor heart in store,
Oh! is it thus to be.

Alone, alone for ever more,
This heart is dead again,
I would to God I'd died before,
My soul did ere complain.

Alone, alone for ever more.
No sweet is left behind;
May God let no one, ere ignore,
I've love for human kind.

Alone, alone for ever more,
Adieu, vain world, adieu,
I hope in Heaven with Christ to soar,
Earth, I've no love for you.

LEROY.

Rutherford, May 20th 1866.

For the Star.

[ORIGINAL.]

ROSES AND THORNS.

BY MAGNOLIA.

'Twas a lovely summer morn. The golden King of day had just stolen from Aurora's embrace, and smiling brightly on all beneath him, as his first rays kissed 'good morning' to *terra firma*, he commenced his career through the beautiful blue sky above The dew drops like diamonds yet glistened on the gay flowers, and verdant fields; the gentle zephyrs, as they played through the foliage wafted to every breath the sweet fragrance of Flora's treasures; and the sweet melody of the songsters of the forest as they flitted from bough to bough, all united to render this a delightful morning, as our merry little party Henry Glenn, Horace DeFay, Enola DeFay, Kate Bonner and Alice Finch, mounted their handsome coursers all equipped for a pleasure excursion to "Natures Pet," a lofty eminence of the mountains a few miles distant where it was decided they should meet a large party, to pass the day in rural amusements.

"Well, Alice, I hope dame fortune will favor me with the presence of an *Apollo* today, as you and Kate have beaux, and I am left alone," exclaimed Enola, lightly touching her whip to her spirited little pony, she galloped off as if he and his rider were very independant of any one else Enola DeFay did not possess a beautiful face—but it was an interesting, intellectual one, in which a pure soul and an innocent heart shone forth as stars seen through a mist; a tall, splendid form; step as graceful as the the gentle gliding of the swan down the crystal waters—a heavy mass of dark auburn hair glossily waved over her beautifully formed head sparkling blue eyes, in which we could plainly trace a bouyant happy nature, and a merry heart, for life had been to her, thus far, one bright, beautiful day, not a cloud had ever rested on her innocent brow so dark, that her own light heart could not disperse; and then too, she was a ministering angel to the suffering and poor; surely many golden stars had already been added to her 'crown of glory,' for the bright sunbeams her cheerful words and winning smiles had scattered around the pathway of those, whose hearts were weighed with sorrow.

'Twas vacation; only two more weeks to elapse, ere she would return to school, to sup sweet draughts from the 'Pierrian Fount.' Though we have said Enola was riding alone there was one of the little party, who would fain have been by her side, one who would have given much for one smile of approval from those pouting lips, yes, her image was deeply engraven upon the lacerated heart of Henry Glenn as the idol of its worship.—They had not proceeded far when they espied a gentleman advancing—mounted on a handsome black horse—a gun carelessly thrown over his right shoulder, a hunting pouch attached to his left side, following him was a large noble looking dog—apparently they were out sporting.

"How fortunate!" exclaimed Horace, "as sure as I live, there comes Carl Linton!—Hello, Carl!" said Horace as they met, "we are bound for a jolly time on the mountain to-day, can't you join us?"

"Nothing will give me more pleasure," frankly answered Carl, "for a few days old Ennui has been swaying his sceptre over my bright dreams, and this morning I started out with good old Bruno to bid 'dull care' begone, but now, I have certainly found a check to his unwelcome presence," glancing with a graceful bow toward the ladies Carl was acquainted with all, except Enola; this was their first meeting, after an introduction with a winning smile he said:

"Will you allow me the pleasure of being your cavalier to-day Miss DeFay?"

"Oh! certainly sir, it will be a pleasure conferred on my lonely ride."

Carl Linton was an orphan; since childhood his home had been with his brother; he was a noble, generous, and handsome young man, tall slight figure, frank intelligent countenance, clear, blue, expressive eyes, light golden hair thrown carelessly from a noble forehead, a charming moustache adorned a handsome mouth, in which lurked mischief. Gayety and good humor had thrown their mantles around the equestrians; and the forest echoed with the laughter and lively repartees that passed so freely among them. After several hours ride they ascended some distance up the mountain, to be welcomed by the ladies and gentlemen who had already proceeded them; they dismounted, and after pausing to rest awhile, they began their toilsome walk to the pinnacle, reaching the summit, they were utterly entranced with the sublime and beautiful panorama below, with them, we too, will pause and view the scenery from this lofty spot, which is sublime, grand beyond the portrayings of my humble pen.

In the distance can be seen the mountains of the Blue Ridge, their lofty summits apparently lost in the boundless sky above; extending many miles is an emerald forest interspersed here and there with large plantations; in different directions lie the homes of the present party, looking scarcely larger than the eyes beholding them; and like roses nestled within their leaves, we can trace too in the distance the villages of "Pleasant Mound" and "Friendship-Circle," and forcing its way through the valley below, is the beautiful, rushing Second Broad. Upon the mountains, nature seems to let fall her basket of treasures, for flourishing in neglected luxuriance are a variety of flowers, shrubs and trees; as "monarch of all" the tall oak waves his protecting boughs and shields from the mighty power of Eolus those beneath him, but the "crowning glory" are the large *cluster* of *cherry trees*, bending almost to the ground with the weight of the delicious fruit. Enola has stolen from the company and seating herself within the shade of a lone tree seems lost in reverie; so deeply is she enrapped in the surrounding beauties, she hears not the foot-fall near her, till a pleasant voice arouses her:

"You seem to be drinking in this scene with one eager, charmed draught, Miss DeFay, as though you had forgotten the real presence of our merry party, in admiration of the rare grandeur and beauty displayed to us."

"Oh! Dr. Linton I cannot express my idea of its sublimity, it unconsciously draws my thoughts from earth to Heaven; I almost imagine it the 'garden of Eden,' and those large rocks upon which the sunlight flickers, as golden banners waving us a welcome."

They were interupted by an exclamation from Kate,

"Come, Enola and Dr. Linton, we've been feasting long enough on beauty, let's have something more substantial."

All retired to a pleasant shade; and as their watches pointed to two, beneath the over hanging fruit, the gentlemen formed a rustic table, and the ladies arranged upon it the luncheons they had prepared; soon the contents of their baskets supplied a table that would have tempted the most delicate. The pleasures of the day had not deprived our company of their appetites, as the rapid disappearance of turkeys, hams, chickens, pickles, cakes, jellies, &c., would testify

The day glided swiftly, by, and amid the large and gay company assembled on "Natures' Pet" that day, none seemed happier than Carl and Enola. "Old Sol" was casting his last golden gleams upon this lovely June evening, as our company started to their respective homes; their hearts crowned with the pleasures of the day. Carl accompanied Enola home, but when they parted that night it was not to yield themselves to the soothing influence of Somnus, but to feel the teasings of wily Cupid, for the hearts of each had that day received a piercing dart from his arrow. Only once during vacation, did Carl visit Enola; the morning for the departure at length came, and she with a sad heart and tear dimmed eyes, bade adieu to the loved ones at home, for another long ten months, to resume her place among her classmates; but even in her daily duties her thoughts would frequently wander from the sober face of Minerva to those blue, affectionate eyes of Carl.

CHAPTER 2.

A year devoted to study, soon glided by, the examination came, passed off brilliantly, the evening for the compositions of the graduating class, found the large chapel, immensely thronged with an appropriate audience; as the enchanting melody of Norma's march issued from the pianos, a private door was opened, and an array of maidens, young, buoyant and hopeful came forth dressed in pure white, only decorated with a badge of blue, Enola was in front, cheering applauses met the school girls as they gracefully marched up the long aisle to the rostrum. Compositions worthy the pens of more experienced writers, fascinated and interested the audience; but when Enola DeFay arose and read in her clear, sweet voice, her graceful theme upon the subject of Hope, and then proceeded with her brilliant reflections, the audience was indeed surprised that one as young should portray so beautifully such deep and cheering ideas; followed by a touching and sad farewell to teachers and mates, Enola acquitted herself well, receiving, with her Diploma, the love and praise of all, with a sad heart, but bright anticipations, she bade 'good-bye' to her school-days, around which clusters many pleasant and endeared associations to launch her 'little barque' upon the sea of womanhood. Yes, she was now free from the cunning eyes of dignified Professors, but this the greatest era of a school girl's life, when she is to come out a young lady, hardly met with a cordial welcome from Enola. She felt in bidding adieu to her Alma Mater, she was taking leave of a long and dear tried friend. But we will accompany her, with Horace, home. *Home*, how the very word thrills her soul, as the stage slowly rolls over hill and dale; we can trace in that unusually calm face *happiness* and *impatience* mingling with each other. But ere long the gravel hill is reached, that leads to the beautiful country residence of Mr. DeFay, situated on an elevated point a little distance from the road; 'tis an elegant spot; the beautiful pavement, leading from the gate to the front entrance, is shielded from the scorching rays of the noonday's sun, by vine clad harbors, the house is almost concealed amid a beautiful grove of elms and poplars, beneath the shades a verdant carpet overspread the yard; amid the stillness a fountain gushes forth its limpid waters. Rushing down the steps, are Mr. and Mrs. DeFay, Willie and Eva to welcome home the loved and long absent one, the home embraces—heart felt kisses—and tears of joy, that meet Enola, causes her to exclaim:—"Ah! the joys of meeting, repays the pangs of parting" A happy meeting to the inmates of "Love's Retreat." Mr. and Mrs. DeFay gaze with admiration, love, and pride upon their daughter, and little Willie and Eva seemingly trying to outrival each other, in their ecstacies of joy at having "dear sister" with them again. A happy household certainly, peace, happiness, love and health scatter their very hues over this earthly paradise. Two months passed, Enola was happy with the dear ones at home, and the friends of her girlhood; a host of admirers too, worshipped at the shrine of her worth and loveliness; but the love of all *save one*, met a reciprocal feeling in her heart, to the deep affection of their own, and that one, Carl Linton, had never breathed into her ear, the deep, true and ernest affection with which his noble heart was beating.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Division of Tennessee—NASHVILLE, 5—At the Knoxville Convention, on Thursday, an address in favor of a seperate State government for East Tennessee was unanimously adopted, and the President was instructed to appoint a committee to take the matter before the Legislature. Yesterday a committee was appointed to lay the matter before the Legislature. Gen. T. A. Cooper and Col. Temple then addressed the Convention at some length in favor of the movement, and an executive committee was appointed for the State and corresponding secretaries for each county. The Convention then adjourned *sine die*. Almost every county was represented.

LOOK OUT.—Twenty dollar bill on the "First National Bank of Portland, Connecticut," are circulating. There is no such bank, and our business men had better look out for them.

STREET SUNDAY SCHOOL.—The Sunday School Teacher relates the following fact, which shows how readily a man of fact may influence the "street boys," and how unwise the gentleman was not to follow up the impression he made:

A gentleman was crossing an open block in Chicago, on the Sabbath. and found a school with two classes, a marble-class and a card-class, numbering in all fifteen or twenty boys, whose ages ranged from ten to sixteen years. Approaching the the card-players, who were seated in a circle on the prairie floor, be pleasantly asked,

"Sunday school here, boys? Who's your teacher?"

"I am;" answered a keen-eyed, sharp-faced boy of fourteen. "Bill, it's your deal."

"You have cards for Testaments I see. What sort of texts do you find on them?"

'Plenty of good hearts. Play on, Bob.'

"Well, do you ever get any good from them?"

"Sometimes get a first rate hand. What hand you got, Sam?"

"Sharp boy!" thought the gentleman, "with precautious skill at parrying truth, I'll see if your class can't be broken up. Boys," said he, in a cheerful tone "come, get up, and I'll learn you a story."

To his surprise, they pocketed their cards and all gathered round him for their story. Their "teacher" pointed to the marble class a rod or two away, "Can't they hear it too?"

"Yes; let's go to the them."

It took a little time for them to gather up their stakes. Two boys had to wrangle for a few moments about the division of the marbles. But the rest listened attentively for fifteen minutes to a Bible story, and no one more so than the aforesaid "teacher" of the card class. So respectful were they all that the gentleman felt called upon to thank them when he had finished.

"Boys, let's all go to Sunday school," said one of them, perhaps in jest, perhaps in earnest. It is not known whether they did go or not.

LOVE.—We find the following tolerably clever description of love in an old magazine:

Love is like the devil, because it torments us; like heaven because it wraps the soul in bliss; like salt, because 'tis relished; like pepper, because it often sets us on fire: like sugar, because it is sweet; like a rope, because it is of en the death of man; like a prison, because it makes us miserable, like a man, because it is here to-day and gone to-morrow; like a woman, because there is no getting rid of it; like a beacon, because it guides one to the wished-for port; like a will-o'-the wisp, because it often leads one into a bog; like a fierce courser, because it often runs away with one; like a little pony, because it gambols nicely like one; like the bite of a mad dog or the kiss of a pretty woman, because they both run us mad; like a goose, because it is silly; like a rabbit, because there is nothing like it; in a word, it is like a ghost, because it is like everything, and like nothing—often talked about but never seen, touched or understood.

EXCELLENT ADVICE.—The South Carolina Leader, one of the special organs of the colored people that have been started in the South, gives the following admirable counsel to its brethren. Speaking about the country, it says.

"Colored people of the South, listen to our advice—listen to the dictates of common sense. Beware of false teachers, who come to you in the clothing of sheep, but inwardly are ravenous wolves. These men have no desire to see you on amicable terms with your white neighbors. They come to widen the breach already existing, and to make capital out of the dissension in our midst. The moment a good understanding exists between you and the whites, that moment their 'occupation is gone; but if these speculators in ruin attain their aims, we tremble for your race! Cultivate peace with all men, and especial with those with whom your lot is cast."

☞ A "special season of prayer for the New Haven editors" was held in one of the New Haven churches last week.

A HIGH OLD WEDDING.

The Franklin (Ind.) Jeffersonian is responsible for the following hard yarn. We wish it distinctly understood that we don't vouch for its truth, as we don't believe quite so great an ass could be found, even in Brown county

"The bridegroom resides near Nashville, Brown county, at which place he had lived with "dad" from his babyhood up. But the time came when the son bethought himself of the age to choose a companion and "set up a trade," in hoop-poles, for himself So paying a visit on foot, to the town of Bargarville he became enamored of one of the fair daughters of that place, wooed, won, and the day was named when the twain should be one Accordingly the services of Esquire D—— were engaged, and all the necessary preliminaries arranged.

The day had arrived when the happy couple were to be united, and the father and son set out on foot—not owning any horses—for Bargarville, and though somewhat of a tedious walk over rough frozen roads, they made the trip in due time. Nearing the place where the marriage ceremony was to be performed, a crowd of folks were seen in the house and yard awaiting their arrival. Jim's courage wilted, and he told "dad" that he believed he'd go back; but "dad" told him that would never do—that he must be a man and marry the gall. By earnest entreaty Jim went as far as the gate, when he made a halt, and said he "warn't going to the house to be a laughing stock."

Quite a crowd had gathered, and all things were ready. A bountiful dinner was spread—the bride was arrayed in a bran new dress, and wore her hair trimmed in cedar green, yellow, and red feathers. Esquire D— sat cross legged, a huge standing shirt collar, stiff as a clapboard, prevented the turning of his head to either side without moving his body. He held something like unto the Constitution" in his hands, and was waiting to perform the official services for which he had been engaged.

Jim lingered at the gatepost for some half hour, and all that "dad" and friends present could say wouldn't encourage him to go to the house. Finally, one of the young fellows present said, "Let him alone; I'll marry her," and started into the house. This aroused Jim at once, and he started in at the back door, and gathered his affianced by the arm! Esquire D—— arose with the solemnity of a judge, and sinking his fists down in his trouser's pockets, "by the authority which he held in his hand," pronounced them "man and wife!"

Dinner was over, and the remainder of the afternoon was passed off very pleasantly.—Night came and arrangements were made to go to bed. As customary, of course, it was expected that the new married couple would sleep together This Jim objected to, and said, "doggon if I'd sleep with her!" Finally, as it grew late, he was prevailed upon to go to bed, but would not put off his clothes, nor get under the cover, but lay down, boots and all, and so passed the first night of his married life—sleeping with a woman! He has learned, no doubt, by this time, not to be so shy."

A RECEIPT FOR HAPPINESS.—It is simply, when you rise in the morning, to form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done—a left-off garment, to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to striving—trifles in themselves light as air,—will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old, and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. Look at the result: You send one person—only one, happily through the day; that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year—and supposing you live forty years only, after you commence this course, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred human beings happy, at all events for a time. Now, worthy reader, is this not simple? and is this not worth accomplishing? We do not often indulge in a moral dose—but this is so small a pill, that one needs no red currant jelly to disguise its flavor, and requires to be taken but once a day, that we feel warranted in prescribing it. It is most excellent for digestion, and a producer of pleasant slumber.—*London Atlas.*

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—We remember at the battle of the Wilderness a gallant young Mississippian had fallen at night. Just before burying him, there came a letter from her he loved best. One of the tearful groupe around his body a minister, whose tenderness was womanly, took the letter and laid it upon the breast of him whose heroic heart was stilled: "Bury it with him. He will see it when he wakes." It was the sublimest sentence of his funeral service.—*Pet. Index.*

THE STAR.

J. B. CARPENTER, ROBERT W. LOGAN, } Editors.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1866.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.—The Baptist Church at Rutherfordton, having appointed the 2nd Sabbath in June, for the observance of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, respectfully invite members of sister Baptist Churches to attend, and earnestly solicit the attendance of Ministers. By Order of the Church.

M. H. JUSTICE. *Clerk.*

RADICALISM SOUTH. There is a noted party up north known as the *Radicals*. we hear every day something of the doings of this notorious party; many abuse them for all they can think of that is mean, some are silent, and peradventure some agree with them. But as we said in the outset, we are opposed to them, we neither agree with them in principle nor acts, in short we are opposed to radicalism in any shape or form, it can be presented, and likewise opposed to any and all disunion parties, or clans, that may exist, or any party that place itself in the way as a stumbling block to restoration. We have ever been for the Union, we are for the union now, and et what come that may, we will continue to stand by the Constitution, and the UNION.

We are inclined to the opinion that there is a party in the south, yes, right among us at home, that is lending a strong hand to the Radicles, oppressive legislation. We do not wish to be miss understood, there is such a party, and it is doing a great injury to the cause of restoration, and to the peace and prosperity of the people, they have placed themselves in the way a dangerous impediment to the restoration of the Union.

We think they deserve the appropriate name of the *Fire eating Radicals.*

The same party was the chief instrument in bringing upon the people, the late unchristian war, of bloodshed and pestilence. Their motto in 1860 was "we will rule or ruin," it now is "if we can't rule, we will place ourselves in the way of those who are well disposed, and aid the Radicals North in completing what *we* failed to accomplish.

The people should guard well against these intriguing politicians, and office seekers, who would finish the attempted ruin of the best government the world ever knew, in an instant had they the power. They are making every effort to regain power, and place themselves at the head of government, once there and they will wield the reins of power as during the existence of the so called Confederacy, with *tyranny* and *despotism.*

We allude mainly to the leaders of this party, and not the misled, we know a great many of our good citizens have been led astray by these corrupt politicians, and believe many of them are sorry of it at this time, but we warn them in future, not to associate with a man after he has once attempted to cut their throats, for if an opportunity afford they will renew the attempt. Fear yourselves away from them, all they want is your votes, by the aid of which they hope to reach office, they want power, and they will have it if they can deceive and gull the people as they have done heretofore, and make them believe, they are right and every body else is wrong.

It is their chief desire to make every body believe they are good loyal citizens of the United States, can this be so? you will hear them express a desire for another war, they want the United States, and France, or some other Foreign power to get into a war, and what for? do they wish to help uncle Sam fight his battles? far from it, they are snakes in the grass, and would join any combined power, to overthrow the government of the United States, they say so in so many words, what does a man mean when he says "I had rather live under a King than the government of the United States? does this mean he is loyal to the Government? we think not, such expressions are used frequently by a certain clan, and calculated to do great injury.

Give them the power and see what they would do, in our humble opinion they would prove themselves to be as good *Radicals* in their way, as the Stevens and Sumner party North, say the least of it, we are not willing to trust them in office, or any where else that they can wield their poisonous influence.

Watch them for they deserve it

THE CONVENTION.—This body met at Raleigh last Thursday, we have had no mails from the east since that time and are therefore without any news, as to their doings. Much of importance will no doubt be transacted, and as the wisdom of the State is largely represented, we shall look anxiously for their proceedings. At this time the subject of taxation is perhaps the most important. Our State taxes, by an Act of the General Assembly, are to be paid, and returns made by the Sheriffs by the first day of October, would it not be wise for the Convention to extend the time to the first of January, and thus give our farmers time to sell their crops to better advantage.

We also hope some steps may be taken to place in the State a circulating medium. The Goverment is making largely by the National Banks, can not the wisdom of the Convention devise some such scheme by which banks may be chartered in the different sections of the State, so that trade may again flourish as in bygone days.

COL. M. D. CRATON.—We regret to announce the death of Col. M. D. Craton of Goldsboro, N. C., who died in this place on the 27th inst. Col. Craton was a native of this place, but for several years has been a resident of Goldsboro. He leaves a wife and three children to mourn his loss. Our heartfelt sympathies are with them.

KEEP COOL.—Now reader if you wish to know how to do this, call at Capt. Clark's store where you will find a nice lot of fans which are the very article, we are trying one which the Capt. presented us the other day, and find that we can keep cool, no matter how hot the weather.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—We have received the May and June numbers of this valuable magazine, it is gotten up in the best style, fully sustaining the high standing which it has ever held in the fields of literature. For terms &c, see Prospectus in another column.

☞ Jerry Michael a freedman was committed to jail last thursday evening, he is charged with stealing corn.

☞ See advertisement of the United States Steel Pen Works in another column.

☞ The Hon Geo. E. Badger died at his residence in Raleigh N. C. the 11th inst.

WILMINGTON, CHARLOTTE AND RUTHERFORD RAIL ROAD.—We learn from the Wadesboro' *Argus* that Harvey & Robinson, contractors for building the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad from Sand Hill in this direction, are making preparations to begin work without delay. They are getting the tools together, building shanties and laying in a stock of provisions. They wish to engage without delay the services of several hundred able bodied hands as laborers, and will pay good wages. Provision will befurnished at reasonable rates.

On Saturday last, says the Wadesboro *Argus*, as per published notice, Messrs. Cole and Steele, of the Board of Directors of the Wil., Char. and Ruth. R. R Co., met in this place to receive proposals for carrying the mails, three times a week, between Sand Hill, the present Western terminus of the Eastern division of the road, and Charlotte. But one bid was made—by J. B. Askew. His offer was accepted, and the articles were drawn and signed on that day by the parties concerned.

We are glad to have it in our power to announce that we will, after the 15th of the current month, by the proposed arrangement on this route, have a daily mail, (Sundays excepted,) at this point—three times a week from Wilmington, and alternate days from Charlotte. From Wilmington the mails and passengers for this point to go through for the West will reach here at 10 o'clock at night of the same day they leave Wilmington, and Charlotte in twenty four to twenty-seven hours from Sand Hill.—*Wilmington Journal.*

Death Sentence of Probst the Murderer.

On Tuesday, in the Court of Oyer and Terminer in Philadelphia—Judges ALLISON LUDLOW, and PIERCE on the bench—when PROBST, the murderer of the DEERING family, was arraigned for sentence, his counsel moved an arrest of judgment and a new trial, on certain technical grounds. The motion however, was overruled, and Judge Allison, in the presence of a crowded court room, and amid profound silence, proceeded to pronounce the sentence of death; addressing the prisoner, the Judge remarked:

By none other but by legal evidence, not in the least degree by your own confession, but by evidence from which there was no escape, most conclusive in its character, you have been found guilty of the commission of one of the most appalling crimes of which the records of civilized jurisprudence make any mention. A felony of murder unparalelled your heart conceived and your hands executed; in plan most comprehensive; in minuteness of detail unequaled; in execution relentless, brutal, savage beyond precedent.

A husband and father, returning to his home, in all the strength and glory of his manhood; a wife and mother, toiling for the little loved ones, whom God had given to her—toiling at her domestic altar—her humble fireside; a companion of your daily labor, who with you, shared your bed; who almost slept in your arms; at peace with you; the very breath of whose life you breathed; your fourth victim, an inoffensive visitor, whose sex would not in vain appealed to your compassion, if compassion you possess, had you but thought of the mother who gave you birth. And four helpless children of these slaughtered parents; four little ones, who had never done you harm; of three of these, in innocent and happy childhood, you had been the daily witness; listening to their young and merry voices, and perhaps have had them play in confidence and trust about you; and the fourth a smiling tender, gentle babe, who had not yet learned to lisp your name, or to know you as a stranger in that household; whose tiny, bloody garments, brought here by other hands, bore testimony most crushing against the monster, in the shape of man, who cut up and hacked its young life away.

Of all who gathered beneath the humble roof of Christopher Deering, but one remains—a little, lonely, solitary boy, saved not by your mercy, for mercy you had none, but by an interposing Providence protected from your murderous arm, and uplifted axe, with which you sought to kill them all. All these you performed alone, or aided by another, it matters not which, so far as the legal and moral guilt is concerned; and much more that human eye hath not seen, you did with malice inconceivable.

Almost without motive you went at your work self imposed, and eight innocent victims you slew; not suddenly, not in a tempest of resistless passion, but in the coolness of a premeditated design—one by one, at intervals, with solemn pause; with calm deliberation, and with a quenchless thirst for blood you ceased not until all that you set out to do was fully ended, and you found yourself alone with the dead. Your triumph was then complete.

This is but a poor picture of your work; and of this I here remind you, that you may even now, at this dread hour for you, realize if it indeed be possible for you to do so, the enormity of your deeds of blood, and before God seek for pardon for your crime. No one may limit his power to forgive, but you can find mercy only in redeeming love. Men cannot, will not, dare not pass by unavenged crime so fearful as to be almost nameless. Society demands prosecution and violated law its vindication. But the Omnipotent God hath said "Whosoever will, let him come." To His mercy I commend you

But what you have to do, do speedily; for the night of death casts its shadow already around you. The avenger of blood has followed steadily after you, and in the darkness of the night the invisible finger of the Almighty pointed you out to your pursuers, and justice now claims you as its own. And that which it requires to be done shall not long be delayed. You had your success in the executions of fell purpose. But it demands its triumph now, in the detection, exposure, conviction and promptest and severest punishment of criminal, who has defied alike the laws of God and man, and outraged all the nobler sympathies of his nature.

It only remains for me to pass on you the judgment of the law, which is that you (here the four judges rose, and amid a breathless silence, concluded the sentence,) Antoin Probst, the prisoner at the bar, be taken from thence to the jail of the County of Philadelphia, from whence you came, and from thence to the place of execution, and that you there be hanged by the neck until you are dead. And may God have mercy on your soul!

Judge ALLISON'S remarks were delivered with much emphasis, and in a very impressive manner, and amid the most profound silence, notwithstanding the crowded condition of the court room.

The prisoner stood erect, and kept his eyes fixed on the Judge. He did not move a muscle during the entire time or the delivery of the sentence, and at its close quietly took his seat.

Directly after the sentence he was asked by Mr. Eber, the court interpreter, whether he understood the sentence. Probst replied, "I understood all the Judge said, but he did not say when I was to be hung." [The Governor designates the day.] The removal of the prisoner from the Court room was the signal for the most deafening and vociferous shouts on the part of the immense multitude assembled on Sixth street, and as the van drove rapidly off to the prison, followed by a body of policemen on the run, the groans and hisses were at their height.

☞ John Letcher is in fine health and spirits again, Extra Billy Smith has retired to his farm near Warrenton, Va.

☞ Mrs. Gen. Sidney E. Johnson, is engaged in teaching school in California.

OUR RALEIGH CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR STAR:—News accumulates—this may be a long letter, but it will found to contain some very interesting items. James Stephens, "Head and Centre" of the Fenian, has made his arrival in the City of New York. He has gone to work, and will no doubt create a sensation, but what can a country situated like Ireland do, bound down as she is, and those who would relieve her, are far away across the Atlantic in this country without means and without a sufficient number of men, arms, and ammunition, to be of any service to them, a Fenian navy would be but a sweet morsel, for the British navy. I feel for Ireland and Poland, but what can they do with such powers as England and Russia? Poor Ireland is deplorable, but there is no present relief.

The trial of Jefferson Davis will take place next month. Chief Justice Chase will preside, and Attorney General Speed, will conduct the prosecution, assisted by Judge Clifford, of Massachusetts, and Wm. M. Evarts of New York City. The defence is entrusted to Mr. Charles O'Conor

This trial will prove the most important and interesting perhaps that has ever occurred; certainly the most important on record in this country. It will develop many new and curious points of law, and I trust, will settle finally all the questions of State rights, the right of secession and the law of treason. It will undoubtedly be watched with absorbing attention by the whole community, North and South. That it will be fairly conducted and a true verdict rendered upon the evidence and the law in the case, I have no reason to doubt, provided no difficulty arises in securing a Jury.

You know, Messrs Editors, In 1860 there was no need, and was none, of money being appropriated to provide the necessaries of life for Sambo in the South at that time, nor during the war. It is generally thought when a man sets up for himself, that he is able to to take care of himself. How is it with Sambo? He has been free one year now, and the Congress of the United States, has passed an appropriation of *eleven million dollars* for Sambo's benefit. Just think, Bate you and Bob, the negroes of the South produced some three hundred millions of surplus or real wealth, nearly all of which was finally secured to the people of the North, who built their Fifth Avenue palaces and voluptuous Churches on the vaults of 'slavery,' and in 1860 there was not a *single* pauper among all these four millions of negroes.—Now this labor and all this mighty production of labor is abolished, for the time being, as absolutely as if the negro himself was stricken out of existence, and the *whole* country loaded down with the enormous debt contracted by the war, and *eleven millions more* for Sambo, when he in 1860 made a hundred times that amount. This goes to prove that President Johnson's veto of the Freedmen's Bureau bill, was worth eleven millions to the country!

The *Progress* has passed from Mr. J. L. Penningson to Messrs. Orr & Guthrie. I think from the editorials, that I have seen so far, that it will be the *reverse* of what it was under the management of Mr. Pennington.

The President has vetoed the bill of admitting Colorado as a State. No action taken on it yet.

In my first letter I spoke of the celebration that the Baptist Sunday School was to have on the 18th inst., yesterday was the day, and such a day I have never spent. I will give you a description of it. I find that my letters are becoming long, and I ask you to bear with me especially if they are worthy of their perusal. According to previous notice, all the "children" assembled yesterday morning, about six o'clock, at the Baptist Church, and after packing up all the "something to eat" we marched to the Raleigh and Gaston Depot, where a special train of six cars was awaiting us, with Mr. Cruduss Howard, the Conductor, who is an excellent Conductor and every inch of him a gentleman, ready with Eddy White the Engineer, and he as we have always found the employers of the Raleigh and Gaston Rail Road, a kind, obliging gentleman.

We all arrived there, (about four hundred and fifty of us) at ten o'clock, greeted by a song of welcome by the Wake Forest school After the song, our school marched along the "lines" and sung the beautiful song "Marching Along." Then we adjourned to the chapel, had a speech of welcome from Maj Foote; prayer and some speeches and songs. As I was on the Committee of Arrangements, I had my hands full, with the other members of the committee, setting the table, carving ham, chicken and other meats. There was with the schools from Forestville, Warrenton, Franklinton, Wake Forest, and our school, all told, about a thousand. Dinner was set in the nice shady Grove; the little folks were allowed the first table and we "that's grown up" remained to the last. There was an abundance of provisions of all kinds, and I am glad to say that everything passed in that meek and gentle spirit, that always characterizes a well organized body of Sunday School children.

After dinner we all assembled again in the chapel, sang some songs had some nice little speeches from some of the young boys from the different schools, and all were turned loose to enjoy themselves "the best here they could." Mammy has often told me that "gals" would be my ruin yet, I think that some of the Ladies well remember yesterday, especially those couples that were paired off so nice beneath the shady elms, where they could listen to the warbling voices of those gallant young men, who paid them so much attention and seemed to be so devoted. You know that I'm a powerful chap for "soft talk" or scribbling, when I can't talk, well I did my share of the writing, and I shan't tell you who to. I thought as I sat beneath the shades of those beautiful trees, how changed must be this scene in a few years; some dead, some married, childhood's days will have been and gone to return no more, and those sweet, innocent, will have taken their places in this busy world, where there is but little peace and happiness. How much would my heart be cheered and how thankful would I be to my Heavenly Father, to see the seeds sown in the hearts of the children spring up and blossom to the honor and glory of the Redeemer's name, As the cars moved off, and the Raleigh Baptist Sunday School, the largest school in the State, it was with a feeling of regret and sadness, to me to think that I must never behold the same scene any more on this earth. But I am making my letters too long; we all arrived in Raleigh safe and sound, marched around the Capitol square, and were dismissed at the Church.

LAOGN.

Raleigh, N. C., May 19th 1866

THE AGUE PLANT.—The 'ague plant' has recently been discovered—not the plant that cures ague, but the one that causes it. Here is one plant, at least, that we can notice without being overwhelmed with applications for seed To be sure, it is a little thing, and takes a good eye, aided by a pood microscepe, to find it, but when found, it cannot be said it "is no great shakes," for it is the "genuine Shaker seedling" itself. Doctor I. H. Salisbury of Cleveland, Ohio, announces in the American Journal of Medical Sciences, that fever and ague is caused by a minute plant, which is found where stagnant water has just dried away. The spores, or reproductive dust of this microscopic plant, are diffused through the night damps, and being taken into the system by breathing, are the cause of that wide-spread scourge, the ague. The habita of these minutes plants completely accord with what was before known of the occurrence of miasm, and that they are the real cause of it has been shown by taking boxes of earth containing them, to places where an ague was never known to occur. In about two weeks after the ague plant was taken there, well-marked cases of the disease appeared. This discovery does not, as yet, increase our knowledge of the means of ridding ourselves of the plant, but it will probably lead to that; just as one, if he can only find out "how he got such a cold," is already half cured. The spores only rise in the night, and then to a height varying with the locality, from thirty to one hundred feet. This explains why night-air brings on ague, and why elevated localities are free from it. After the ague seed is taken into the system, the plant propagates there, and the patient becomes a sort of animated hot-bed.—American Agricuturist.

SOAP SUDS.—Although generally, deemed only fit to run off into the common sewer in the easiest and most uxpedicious manner possible they are nevertheless highly beneficial vegetable feeders, as well as useful preventatives. Hence, they never should be wasted, especially by parties having gardens, as their application to the ground, whether in winter or summer, will show beneficially not only on ordinary vegetable crops; but on berberry bushes, border flowers, and even window pot plants, while if poured or sprinkled over roses, cabbages, etc., they will prevent, or at least mitigate, the mischievous pranks of the green fly and caterpillar.

SELF-ACTING CLOCKS.—A novel application of electro-magnetism, as a motive power for clock-work, has just been perfected by a working jeweller, at Leamington, which promises to introduce a new era in the science of clock-making, and to bring modern timepieces to a state of absolute perfection. By a new arrangement the pendulum, the bob or ball of which consists of an electro-magnetic coil, is made to oscillate by means of a feebie current of electricity, this beating true seconds with the train of three wheels only. One of the advantages of this system is, that a number of clocks in different rooms, or even in different houses, can be connected together by a single wire, and the whole number will indicate the same time to a second. The clocks are of the simplest construction, and never need winding up. No acid battery is used. Mr. Bright, the discoverer, has secured the plan by patent. The clocks are spoken of as being far superior to the present clocks in use.

To keep rats from eating harness, lay salt on sills and ties of the stable if that is the place they most frequent.

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WHAT WRITINGS REQUIRE A STAMP.—We publish the following for the benefit of our readers. There are few of us who have not or will have cause to stamp instruments of writing of some kind.

1st. Instruments of writing dated before October 1, 1862, do not require stamp.

2d. Those dated between October 1, 1862, and August 1, 1864, may be stamped either before or after use by the court, register or recorder.

3h. Those dated since August 1, 1864, and not twelve months old, may be stamped before a United States Collector without payment of the penalty of $50.

4th. Those dated after August 1, 1864, and more than twelve months old, can be stamped upon payment of the penalty of $50.

And every assignment of a note, which assignment is dated since October 1, 1862, without regard to the date of the note, is to be stamped as to agreement, namely, 5c, no matter how large or how small the note may be.

All persons having notes unstamped should have them stamped at once. A receipt for money or property, of over $20, no matter what the amount requires only a 2 cent stamp.

THE LATE HON. GEORGE E. BADGER.—A meeting of the bar and citizens was held at the court house, in Raleigh, on Saturday afternoon, for the purpose of testifying the respect of all classes of our people for the memory of late distinguished fellow citizen, the Hon George E. Badger. The meeting was well attended.—Appropriate eulogies were pronounced by Hon. Charles Manly, and B F. Moore and R W. Lassiter, Esqs., and suitable resolutions adopted.—*Wilson Carolintan.*

A LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office at Rutherfordton, on 30th *May*, 1866.

Andrews, G. W.	Hoke, Miss Martha
Baxter, Joseph 5	Hamilton, Miss S. C.
Bracket, John N. 2	Hazle, Benjamin or
Baxter, Nancy	John Wesley
Blanton, Mrs. Mary J	Hamric, F. C.
Campton, Miss Mag.	King, Mrs V. B.
Crook, Mrs. Susannah	Lewis, Preston
Coakles, Mrs. S. B.	Lowrance, Jacob
Covington, W. J.	Mitcalf, J. W.
Colclough, Miss M.F.	McKinney, Miller
Canipe, Mrs. Eliza'th	McMahon, James
Dobson, J. L.	Mooney, David
Dupriest, Mrs. Marg't	McA[illegible], J. G.
Davis, Mrs. A. L.	[illegible]
Edwards, Miss [illegible]	[illegible]
Freeman, G. W.	[illegible]
Gotcher, Wm. C.	Penner, Wm.
Greer, Nelson [illegible]	Padgett, Pinkney
Goode, P. D.	Robertson, Elijah
Harton, H.	

Persons calling for any of the above named Letters will please say they were advertised

M, J. CARPENTER, P. M.

UNITED STATES

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FACTORY, CAMDEN, N. J.

R. ESTERBROOK & CO.

Steel Pen Manufacturers.

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Samples and Prices on Application

Lots made to Order of any pattern or stamp required.

For Sale to the Trade at the Manufacturer's Warehouses, as above; and at retail by all Stationers, Booksellers and News Dealers in the United States.

R. ESTERBROOK & CO.

May 30, 1866. 6m.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!

SUMNER & CLARK.

[*MILLER'S OLD STAND*]

WE have on hand and are receiving a large and well assorted stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

Consisting of,

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

DRESS GOODS,

HATS,
CAPS,
BOOTS,
SHOES,
SUGAR,
COFFEE,
HARDWARE,
CUTLERY,
DELF, &c.,

Give us a call, we strive to please, and *will not be undersold.*

Country produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods.

Bank Notes taken at their value.

SUMNER & CLARK.

May 9—no.2—tf.

WANTED,

500 lbs Beeswax
5000 lbs Rags,
500 lbs Feathers,
5000 lbs Bacon

At the Cheap CASH STORE,

L. P. ERWIN.

May 2.–66.–tf.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

Henderson Pioneer.

THE subscriber has commenced the publication of a weekly NEWSPAPER in the Town of Hendersonville, N. C., bearing the above title, which will be under his immediate control, and will be on uncompromising advocate of the Union of our fathers, It will advocate a speedy restoration of the wayward States; it will oppose ultraism from any and every quarter, on the grounds that extreme men and measures are dangerous to the liberties, happiness and prosperity of the people.

In discussing the political issues of the day, it will reject the odious and exploded doctrine of *paramount* State sovereignty; it will cheerfully and earnestly support the National Government in its rightful authority and power in maintaining and sustaining itself from all enemies from within or without, but will contend against any encroachments upon the reserved rights of the States.

It will strive to avoid everything like partisan and personal bitterness, it will also strive to avoid the baneful and hated practice of misrepresentation and appealing to the passions and prejudices of the people in order to accomplish partisan ends.

It will endeavor to soothe the bitterness of the past, by encouraging and promoting among the people a spirit of reconciliation and harmony, by appealing to reason and argument addressed to the understanding.

It will advocate obedience to the laws of the [illegible], National and State, and come down [illegible] cut-throats, horse-thieves, plunderers, "bummers," &c.

The *Henderson Pioneer*, will, without regard to sex, condition or color, advocate education in all its useful branches.

It will not neglect the honest laborer, the independent, hard fisted tiller of the soil—the noblest of man's calling. The mechanic who goes hand in hand with the farmer, shall not be forgotten,

It will advocate the extension and completion of the contemplated railroads, encourage home manufacturing and internal improvements generally; also the development of our mineral and other resources.

It shall be our constant aim to give our readers all the important and interesting news. Its columns will also be open to the advertising public

The PIONEER will be published weekly on the following terms:

One copy 12 months,	$2 00
" " 6 "	1 00

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE

Produce at Cash prices will be taken in payment.

Any person sending a list of ten subscribers from one Post Office, with the cash, will receive a copy gratis.

We most respectfully solicit our friends everywhere, to take an interest in extending our circulation as much as possible.

A. H. JONES, EDITOR,

Hendersonville, N. C., May 16, 1866.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

N. C., Standard.

THE STANDARD is printed Tri-Weekly and Weekly, at Raleigh, North Carolina, at the following rates:

Tri-Weekly, 1 year,	$6 00
" six months,	3 50
Weekly, 1 year,	3 00

The Weekly will be sent to clubs at the following rates:

Weekly paper, one year	$3 00
" " six months,	1 50
" " three months,	1 00
" " five copies 1 year	12 50
" " ten " 1 year	22 00
" " twenty " 1 year	40 00

To those who get up clubs of five or more subscribers, one copy gratis willbe furnished.

The STANDARD is devoted to the restoration of the Union; and while itwill give to the President and his plan a firm and decided support, it will exert itself within the sphere of its circulation to repress sectional divisions and strife, and will inculcate national principles and sentiments.

It will also labor, as in times past, to develop the resources of the State.

Care will be taken to furnish the latest news and the paper will contain, as heretofore, choice literary and miscellaneous matter.

The subscribers appeal to their friends to aid them in extending the circulation of the paper.

W. W. HOLDEN & SON.

Job Work

EXECUTED

WITH

Neatness and Despatch.

AT THE

STAR OFFCIE.

BLANKS

OF ALL KINDS

On Hand,

OR

Printed to Order.

AT THE

SHORTEST NOTICE.

PRICES

MODERATE,

TO SUIT THE TIMES

PROSPECTUS—

OF THE

Cosmopolite.

ON the first of January we will commence the publication, in the City of Baltimore, of a monthly literary Magazine. There is no publication of this character now issued South of New York City and the closing of the war has left a large portion of the people of the country with no literary representative.

The Cosmopolite will be devoted to literature, art, scientific papers and general reading, and we shall number among its contributors some of the first literary men of the South, with others from the North and from London and Paris.

All matter not original will be carefully selected from the newest and best of the English, French and German publications, and its Editors will spare no effort or expense, to make it rank with the very first magazines of the country.

As its name imports, we have established the Cosmopolite upon no sectional basis. We hope to make it the organ of general literature alone; and will be uninfluenced by any party or clique whatever.

It will be mailed to subscribers in any part of the country upon receipt of the following

SUBSCRIPTION.

Single Copies for one year	$4 00
Five " " "	18 00
Ten " " "	33 00

The Cosmopolite will be generally distributed among the Merchants and Planters of the South, and we will add, for their information, a few advertisements at moderate rates.

Liberal deductions will be made to booksellers and newsdealers.

Newspapers publishing this prospectus and sending a marked copy to the undersigned will receive a copy of the magazine.

Address DELEON & CO.,

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May 9-1866.

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ONLY ONE DOLLAR! TRY IT A YEAR!

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Each number contains a full Calender of work for the Month, Hints, Suggestions, Essays upon everything to be performed in and around the Farm, Garden, Orchard and Dwelling, etc., etc,

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One Copy, One Year,	$ 1 00
Six Copies, "	5 00
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Publishers and Proprietors,

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THE LADY'S FRIEND is devoted to choice Literature and the illustration of the Fashions, and also contains the latest Patterns of Cloaks, Caps, Bonnets, Head-Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., &c, with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies.

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING, and a superb COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c,

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Our terms are the same as those for that well-known weekly paper, *The Saturday Evening Post*—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and Magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows: One copy one year, $2.50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $8; Eight copies, (and one gratis,) $16; Twenty, (and one gratis) $35. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, $4.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different. Address,

DEACON & PETERSON,

No, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

A South Side Historical War Novel.

THIRD EDITION, JUST READY

SURRY OF EAGLE'S NEST.

BEING the Memoirs of a Staff Officer of Virginia. Edited from the Mss of Col. Surry, by John Eston Cooke, with four full page illustrations, 12mo., cloth. 490 pages Price $2.25

Following Stonewall Jackson from the beginning of the Valley campaign to his death; in constant intercourse with Lee, Jackson, Stuart, Ashby, Pelham, and other celebrities, we have a vivid picture of inside army life at the South. In a word, "whoever desires a story of stirring incident, with a truthful delineation of noted events, fine drawing of character, and a faithful exposition of the views and motives of Southern men in the conflict just closed, all told in the purest English, and in an unusually delighted style, this volume will be a welcome guest,"

Mailed to any part of the United States, post free, on receipt of the price.

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The best, Cheapest and Most Successful Paper in the United States.

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SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S WEEKLY proposes to present by pen and pencil, a picture of the times In Politics it will advocate the National cause, wholly irrespective of mere party grounds. In the view of its Proprietors the perpetuity of the Union, and the maintainance of the United States are paramount to every other consideration.—The National Administration will be supported as far as it honestly and wisely endeavors to accomplish these objects, and will be opposed whenever it fails to do so.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

It will be the aim of the Publishers to maintain the high standard of excellence in this department which has rendered the WEEKLY a necessity to all who desire a complete Pictorial History of the Times.

SUBSCRIPTIONS. 1866

The Publishers have perfected a system of Mailing by which they can supply the MAGAZINE and WEEKLY *promptly* to those who prefer to receive their periodicals directly from the Office of Publication.

The Postage on Harper's Weekly is twenty cents a year, which must be paid at the Subscriber's post office.

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Back Numbers can be supplied at any time,

The Annual Volumes of Harper's Weekly, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by Express, free of expense for $7 each. A Complete Set, comprising Eight Volumes, sent on receipt of Cash at the rate of $5 25 per volume, freight at the expense of the Purchaser. Address

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Franklin Square, New York.

ARTHUR'S

HOME MAGAZINE.

YEARLY, TERMS IN ADVANCE.

1 copy,	$2 50
3 copies,	6.00
5 copies, and one to getter up of club,	10 00
9 copies, " " "	15.00

☞ A beautiful Premium Plate, entitled "*The Courtship of Shakespeare*," will be mailed to each person who send us a club of subscribers. It will also be mailed to each single subscriber from whom we receive $2.50. This plate is a companion to the "Infancy of Shakespere," our premium for 1865, and in all respects as beautiful. ☞ The "Infancy of Shakespeare" is also continued as a premium for any who may desire it.

☞ For $4.50 we send one copy of Home Magazine and Godey's Lady's Book for a year. If the Premium Plate is desired with this club, 50 cents extra must be sent.

☞ Additions to clubs can always be made at the club rate.

☞ Subscribers to a club need not all be at the same post office.

☞ Postage on the Home Magazine is 12 cents a year, payable at the office where it is received, Address

T. S. ARTHUR & CO.

323 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

Field and Fireside.

[ESTABLISHED 1855]

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PROSPECTUS

OF THE

Rutherford Star.

The Undersigned propose to publish, in the village of Rutherfordton, a weekly Newspaper to be called "THE RUTHERFORD STAR."

It is our desire to make THE STAR a welcome visitor to all those who feel an interest in the prosperity and welfare of our country as a whole, and the perpetuity of our institutions, as handed down to us by our noble ancestry, a FEDERAL REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT.

Our people have but lately emerged from a gigantic civil war, waged by and between Section of a once glorious Union, and more desolating to our particular section, than anything that has ever happened on this continent, and it is to be hoped than ever will again.

While there is life there is hope, and notwithstanding the great changes wrought by the late civil war, we shall encourage the people to honesty, industry and economy, we shall take special pains to keep them posted with all beneficial improvements of the age, so that they may once more enjoy bountiful stores, prosperity and happiness.

We shall from time to time publish such laws, both State and National, as our people are directly concerned in, and shall likewise use our influence to establish a sound circulating currency, so much needed at the present time.

We shall be governed by principles and not men, for according to our honest conviction, the present condition of our country is owing to the abandonment of those fundamental principles upon whico the Government of the United States was reared.

We shall favor and encourage the development of all our resources, Agricultural, Mineral &c., and likewise such internal improvements as will most likely be beneficial to the Country, and especially the extension of the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Rail Road west.

As to Politics, we are TRUE CONSERVATIVES, believing neither in the FIRE EATERS of the South, nor the RADICALS of the North, but in the Constitution, the Union, and the enforcement of all Constitutional laws, whether State or Federal, and a ready and willing obedience to the same.

The STAR will be published every Wednesday at the following rates, (strictly in advance,) payable in currency or produce at market prices

One Copy 12 months,	$2. 00
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J. B. CARPENEER,
R. W. LOGAN,

SELECTED POETRY.

O, GIVE ME ONE TRUE HEART!

BY ROSE CLIFFORD,

O give me one true heart! I crave
No other boon than this,
To know affection' tender wiles,
And all its joy and bliss—
On some fond, faithful heart to lean
This weary head of mine,
And then forget the woes of earth,
And all its cares resign.

I do not know if in this world
There is another soul
Which feels the wild and wayward grief
That o'er my own doth roll;
For even when they deem me gay,
Because my laugh is light,
My spirit's lost within itself,
In solemn, stareless night.

The young and glad I often meet
In happy, cheerful throngs,
And sometimes do I join my voice
With their free, youthful songs;
The tones are joyous—what care they
If lonely is my heart?
They cannot symphathise with all
Its hopes from them apart.

My years are few, and yet my life
Has been one lonely dream,
From which I oft awake, and strive
To *be* and not to *seem*!
'Tis all in vain—at home, abroad
In cottage or in mart,
I live, and move, and feel the want
Of one true constant heart.

Humorous.

☞ Ink is the black sea upon which thought rides at anchor,

☞ A coward may fight; a coward may conquer; but a coward can never forgive,

☞ "Ugh! Him great man! Big brave! Take many scalps!" said an Indian seeing a window full of wigs.

☞ A wag wrote on the back of a fat alderman, "Widened at the expense of the corporation."

☞ The difference between the fair ladies and ladies' fair is—the one steals men's hearts, and the other the contents of their pockets.

☞ Make up your mind to do a thing, and then do it. If a spider break his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it,

☞ A dandy inquired at a fruit stand, "Are these peaches fit for a hog to eat?" "Try them and see," said the apple woman.

☞ A cotemporary says he has had a good many lady subscribers, and he never lost a cent by one of them. Women never cheat the printer.

☞ The editor of a paper published in the mountains of California tells of gathering wild flowers in the morning and wading through snow in the evening.

☞ "There now," cried a little girl, while rummaging a drawer in a hurry—"there! Gran'pa has gone to heaven without his spectacles, what will he do?"

☞ Josh Billings says that "if a man professes to serve the Lord, he likes to see him do it when he measures onions, as well as when he hollers glory halleluyer."

☞ Sambo was hacking away at a tough oak, when lightning struck a tree near him, and shivered it. "Um," said he, "I jes like to see um try dis once; I reckon dey find dere match!"

☞ An editor congratulates himself that his head was safe from a donkey's heels. His opponent gave as a reason, that he was never able to make both ends meet

REVENGE.—We remember of a vengeful individual, who, in the exuberance of his rage at some one who offended him said, "I'll have revenge! I'll do something terrible! I'll give his little boy a tin horn."

☞ A man came home drunk on a cold night, and vomiting in a basket containing goslings, which his wife had placed before the fire, upon seeing which, he exclaimed, "My God, wife! when did I swallow them things?"

☞ Advertising puts cash into the pocket of the business man, and gives an air of freshness to the paper, it shows forth the business character of the place, giving it respectability abroad and affording satisfaction to its citizens.

☞ The Mayor of Richmond on Saturday sent on for trial for theft the following freedmen—George Washington, Chapman Johnson and Charles Dickens. The police are in search of Napoleon Bonaparte and Julius Cæsar.

☞ A California paper is responsible for the following "goak:" "A candidate for office came upon a poor white man, who had a vote to give, if he did have to do his own milking. The candidate asked if he should hold the cow, which seemed to be uneasy; and the old man consented. He took her by the horns and held her fast until the operation was done. Have you had P—r (his rival) around here very lately?" he asked. "Oh, yes, he's behind the barn holding the calf."

SECRETARY STANTON ABANDONS THE RADICALS.—The Secretary of War longs for peace, and consequently he turns from those whose voice is still for war to him who labors for the speediest pacification. The Radicals have counted on Mr. Santon as their representative man in the Cabinet, and their mingled rage and grief are terrible at his defection in the very crisis when they looked most eagerly to him for aid and comfort They have doubted the fact of his opposition to the report of the Reconstruction Committee as long as possible. They did not wish to believe it. It was monstrous. Alas for them! The truth cannot now be denied. Mr. Stanton has at length given in his full adhesion to "my policy,," and it will not be long before the people will rechristen it as "our policy" The sign of the times are ominous of Radical overthrow and confusion, and it will not take a great while to accomplish all that is so significantly foreshadowed. Secretary Stanton shows both his sense and patriotism by his declaring in favor of the President in this latest struggle between right and wrong, and we think the Northern people will readily follow the lead of Seward and Stanton in their moderate course towards their fellow-citizens of the South.

HISTORICAL FACTS.—The whole number of men in the United States army from April, 1861 to April 1865, was two millions six hundred thousand, the State of New York alone furnishing four hundred and sixty four thousand one hundred and sixty six. The entire number of men in the Confederate army from the first to the last of the war amounted to only eight hundred thousand. At the close of the war the United States had an army of one million of men. A statement, compiled from the official records of the Confederate War Department, published for the first time twelve months ago in the New York *Tribune*, from which it was copied into a Richmond paper soon after, but recently re-published by the Chicago *Tribune* as somethings that only now had been allowed to escape from the reticent files of the State Department at Washington, shows that in February, 1865, a month before the final battles of the war; the whole of the Confederate forces, on both sides of the Mississippi river, amounted to one hundred and fifty-six thousand five hundred men. *Norfolk Day Book.*

ANOTHER VETO.

The President, on Wednesday, returned the bill for the admission of Colorado to Senate, with his objections, which are mainly on the ground of insufficient population. He remarks in the course of his Message, that if information submitted in connection with this bill is reliable, Colorado, instead of increasing, has declined in population. In conclusion, he remarks:

It is the common interest of all the States, as well those represented as those unrepresented, that the integrity and harmony of the Union should be restored as completely as possible, so that all those who are expected to bear the burdens of the Federal Government should be consulted concerning the admission of new States, and that in the meantime no new State shall be prematurely and unnecessarily admitted to a participation in the political power which the Federal Government wields, not for the benefit of any individual State or section; but for the common safety and happiness of the whole country.

After being read to the Senate it was laid on the table and ordered to be printed.—*Carolinian.*

COFFEE.—When extraordinary exertion and wakefulness are needed for some emergency, strong coffee is the best antidote against drowsiness, as the foes of Frederick the Great once discovered to their cost, when fragrant Mocha had enabled him to pass three days and nights without sleeping. This peculiar property makes it one of the greatest use to all whose pursuits require close and yet vividly active attention, to those, in fine, who, to use our home-bred expression, are anxious to keep "wide awake." Hence the French have justly called it the "intellectual drink," and students every where will cordially accept the phrase.

PASS HIM ROUND.—I have been credibly informed by brethren of the craft that one A. J. Snider, has been lecturing and conferring side degrees, claiming to have authority from me. I take this opportunity of informing the craft and the public generally, that I have never given him any such authority. I also have good reason to believe that said A. J. Snider is an expelled mason and an imposter.

W. D. FERRIS,
D. D. G. Master Third District, and Grand Lecturer for State of Miss.
Deaconville, Miss., April 5, 1866.
Editors favorable to the craft will please pass him around.

Austrian Troops for Mexico.

A Washington letter to the New York News says that the State Department has received positive information that the first detachment of Austrian troops have sailed for Vera Cruz, and that others will follow. The Austrian Minister here has made all his arrangements to leave this capital, and will depart in about three weeks, without waiting for Mr Seward's dismissal, and independent of Mr Seward's action. It is understood that he acts under instructions from his own government. He adds: "People are now beginning to see the point of what Reverdy Johnson said in the Senate the other day, that Mr Seward's instructions to Mr. Motley will result in a war with Austria."

WOMAN'S WILL

Dip the Atlantic Ocean dry with a teaspoon, twist your heel into the toe of your boot, make postmasters perform their promises, and subscribers pay the printer; send up fishing hooks with balloons and fish for stars; when the rain comes down like the cataract of Niagara, remember where you left your umbrella; choke a musquito with a brickbat; in short, prove all things hitherto considered impossible, but never attempt to coax a woman to say she *will* when she has made up her mind to say she *won't*.

WHAT CAUSES THE COOL SPRING.—A doctor writes from Iceland concerning the winter, which he says was unusually severe, and adds:

"This state of things will no doubt occasion a most tremenduous northern ice drift, the consequence of which you will feel in England and other northern countries. The enormous ice blocks will be drifted into the atlantic, and melting there, will be the cause of much rain, hail and snow, with a considerable lowering of your mean summer temperature."

HORSERADISH VINEGAR.—Pour a quart of best vinegar on three ounces of scraped horseradish, an ounce of minced eschelot, and one drachm of cayenne; let it stand a week, and you will have an excellent relish for cold beef, sallad, &c., costing scarcely anything. Horseradish is in highest perfection about November.

☞ An Itinerant quack in Texas was applied to by one of Colonel Hay's rangers to extract the iron part of an Indian arrow from his head where it had lodged for some time.

"I cannot 'stract this, stranger," said the would be docter, "because to do it would go nigh killen' ye; but I can give a box o' pills that will melt it in yer head."

☞ At a bachelor's party the other evening, a guest gave as a toast, "The ladies—the sweet-briars in the garden of life." Being asked what authority he had for calling them briars, he replied, that a friend of his who had a very sweet looking wife had informed him privately, that she was "a thorn in his side."

LITTLE SINS.—A little hole in a ship sinks it; a small breach in a sea-bank carries away all before it; a little stab in the heart kills a man; and a little sin, as it is often improperly called, tends to his final destruction. Whatever sin the heart is prone to, the devil will help forward. A little drop has been many a man's ruin; every drunkard began with a single glass.

☞ "I don't understand about the Civil Wright's Bill that our President has gone and vetoed," says old Mrs Prim. "Seems to me if Mister Wright was civil and had a civil Bill, Andrew Johnson shouldn't orter interfere with him. But p'raps Bill was sassy to Andrew, and Andrew Johnson wouldn't stand it."

GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES

President—Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee.
Secretary of State—W. H. Seward, of New York.
Secretary of War—Edwin M. Stanton, of Pennsylvania.
Postmaster-General—Wm. Dennison of Ohio.
Secretary of the Navy—Gideon Welles, of Connecticut.
Secretary of the Interior—James Harland, of Iowa.
Secretary of the Treasury—Hugh McCullough, of Illinois.
Attorney-General—James Speed, of Kentucky
President of the Senate—Lafayette S. Foster, of Connecticut.
Speaker of the House—Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana.

SUPREME COURT.

Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, Chief Justice.
1. James M, Wayne, Georgia.
2. Samuel Nelson, New York.
3. Rob't C. Grier, Pennsylvania.
4. Nathan Clifford, Maine.
5. Noah H. Swayne, Ohio.
6. Daniel Davis, Illinois.
7. Samuel Miller, Iowa.
8. Samuel F. Field, California.

LIEUTENANT GENERALS.

Winfield Scott, Virginia.
Ulysses S. Grant, Ohio.

Adjutant General—Lorenzo Thomas, Delaware.

Judge Advocate General—Joseph Holt, District Columbia.

Quarter Master General,—Montgomery C. Meigs, of Pennsylvania.

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The Cosmopolite will be devoted to literature, art, scientific papers and general reading and we shall number among its contributors some of the first literary men of the South, with others from the North and from London and Paris.

All matter not original will be carefully selected from the newest and best of the English, French and German publications, and its Editors will spare no effort or expense, to make it rank with the very first magazines of the country.

As its name imports, we have established the Cosmopolite upon no sectional basis. We hope to make it the organ of general literature alone; and will be uninfluenced by any party or clique whatever.

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